Thomas Henry Cullen

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM NEW YORK

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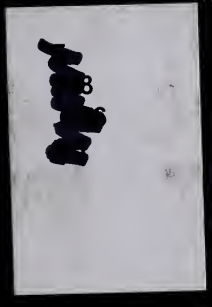

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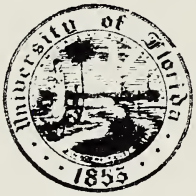

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U.S. 78th Cong. 2d Sess. House

Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Thomas Henry Cullen

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM NEW YORK

Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1946

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Biography

THOMAS HENRY CULLEN was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 29, 1868; attended the local parochial schools, and was graduated from St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1880; became engaged in the marine insurance and shipping business; member of the State assembly 1896–98; served in the State senate 1899–1918; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions at Baltimore in 1912, at St. Louis in 1916, at San Francisco in 1920, at New York in 1924, at Houston in 1928, at Chicago in 1932, and alternate at Chicago in 1940; elected as a Democrat to the Sixty-sixth and to the twelve succeeding Congresses, and served from March 4, 1919, until his death in Washington, D. C., March 1, 1944; interment in Holy Cross Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the House of Representatives

TUESDAY, *May 9, 1944.*

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of House Resolution 231.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 31st day of May 1944, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for sixty legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer_____ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation_____ The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara)_____ Corp. Glenn Darwin

Scripture reading and prayer_____ The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address_____ Hon. Jerry Voorhis
Representative from the State of California

Hymn_____ Corp. Glenn Darwin

Address_____ Hon. Karl E. Mundt
Representative from the State of South Dakota

Taps_____ Musician Edward Masters

Benediction_____ The Chaplain

Thomas Henry Cullen

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 31, 1944.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore of the House of Representatives (Mr. Cooper) presided.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Corp. Glenn Darwin, Army Air Forces Band, sang There Is No Death.

The Chaplain:

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

"What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

'The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must;
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away!
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to sense and flesh unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own!"

"The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with heavenly love
That drips for me and you."

"He leads you into no darker room
Than He Himself went through,
And in your path He has laid no stone
He would not carry too."

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

WILLIAM WARREN BARBOUR, a Senator from the State of New Jersey: Born July 31, 1888; manufacturer; graduate of Browning School, New York, N. Y., 1906; attended Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.; member of the New York National Guard for 10 years; served on the Mexican border in 1916 as a first lieutenant, promoted to the rank of captain; member of the Rumson (N. J.) Borough Council in 1922; mayor of Rumson, N. J., 1923–28; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election, from December 1, 1931, to January 3, 1937; member of the New Jersey Unemployment Compensation Commission in 1937; reelected to the United States Senate in 1938 and 1940; died November 22, 1943.

FREDERICK VAN NUYS, a Senator from the State of Indiana: Born April 16, 1874; lawyer; graduated from Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., in 1898 and from the Indiana Law School at Indianapolis in 1900; prosecuting attorney of Madison County, Ind., 1906–10; member of the State senate, 1913–16; served as president pro tempore in 1915; chairman of the Democratic State committee, 1917–18; United States attorney, district of Indiana, 1920–22; elected to the United States Senate in 1932; reelected in 1938; died January 25, 1944.

CHARLES LINZA MCNARY, a Senator from the State of Oregon: Born June 12, 1874; lawyer; jurist; student at Leland Stanford Junior University, California; deputy district attorney of the third judicial district, 1906–13; dean of the law department of Willamette University, Salem, Oreg., 1908–13; associate justice of the State supreme court, 1913–15; chairman of the Republican State central committee in 1916 and 1917; Member of the United States Senate under appointment in 1917 and again in 1918; elected to the Senate in 1918, 1924, 1930, 1936, 1942; elected minority leader of the Senate in March 1933 and served until his death; candidate for Vice President of the United States in 1940; died February 25, 1944.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, Second Congressional District of Kansas: Born December 13, 1868; teacher; lawyer; judge; student Lane University, Lecompton, Kans.; Western College, Toledo, Iowa; Kansas University Law School, Lawrence, Kans.; and Kansas City School of Law; principal of St. John (Kans.) High School and superintendent of St. John schools, 1896–1901; judge city court of Kansas City, Kans., 1907–09; mayor of Kansas City, Kans., 1909–10; Member of the Sixty-eighth Congress and the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died June 5, 1943.

FRANCIS DUGAN CULKIN, Thirty-second Congressional District of New York: Born November 10, 1874; reporter; soldier; lawyer; student St. Andrew's College and the University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.; served in the Spanish-American War; captain in the New York National Guard, 1901–08; city attorney of Oswego, N. Y., 1906–10; district attorney of Oswego County, N. Y., 1911–21; county judge, 1921–28; member of the Thomas Jefferson Bicentennial Commission and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission; delegate to several Republican National Conventions; Member of the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (nine successive Congresses); died August 4, 1943.

EDWARD WESTER CREAL, Fourth Congressional District of Kentucky: Born November 20, 1883; teacher; lawyer; editor and publisher; student Southern Normal School, Bowling Green, Ky., and East Lynne College, Buffalo, Ky.; received degree of bachelor of law, Centre College, Danville, Ky., in 1906; superintendent of schools of Larue County, Ky., 1910–18; county attorney, 1918–28; Commonwealth attorney, 1929–36; member of the Democratic State executive committee, 1924–40; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died October 13, 1943.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

JOHN WILLIAM DITTER, Seventeenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born September 5, 1888; teacher; lawyer; received degree of bachelor of law, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa., 1913; professor of history and commerce, Philadelphia (Pa.) high schools, 1912–25; workmen's compensation referee for eastern Pennsylvania, 1929; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; chairman, Republican National Congressional Committee, 1939, until his death, November 21, 1943.

HENRY BASCOM STEAGALL, Third Congressional District of Alabama: Born May 19, 1873; lawyer; student Southeast Alabama Agricultural School at Abbeville; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Alabama, 1893; county solicitor, 1902–8; member of the State house of representatives, 1906–7; member of the State democratic executive committee, 1906–10; State district prosecuting attorney, 1907–14; delegate to the Democratic National Convention, 1912; Member of the Sixty-fourth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (15 successive Congresses); died November 22, 1943.

LAWRENCE LEWIS, First Congressional District of Colorado: Born June 22, 1879; businesman; teacher; lawyer; student University of Colorado at Boulder; received degree of bachelor of arts in 1901 and degree of bachelor of law in 1909 from Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. assistant instructor in English, Harvard University, 1906–9; member of the Colorado Civil Service Commission, 1917–18; private in the Seventeenth Observation Battery, Field Artillery, Central Officers' Training School, October to December 1918; Member of the Seventy-third to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died December 9, 1943.

WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT, Nineteenth Congressional District of Illinois: Born February 19, 1879; farmer, banker; student Chaddock College and Gem City Business College, Quincy, Ill.; school treasurer of Rantoul, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died January 16, 1944.

LEONARD WILLIAM SCHUETZ, Seventh Congressional District of Illinois: Born November 16, 1887; stenographer and secretary; businessman; student Lane Technical High School and Bryant & Stratton Business College, Chicago, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died February 13, 1944.

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THOMAS HENRY CULLEN, Fourth Congressional District of New York: Born March 29, 1868; businessman; graduate St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880; member of the State Assembly, 1896–98; State senator 1899–1918; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions in 1912, 1916, 1920, 1924, 1928, 1932; alternate delegate 1940; Member of the Sixty-sixth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (thirteen successive Congresses); died March 1, 1944.

JAMES ALOYSIUS O'LEARY, Eleventh Congressional District of New York: Born April 23, 1889, businessman; student St. Peter's Academy, Augustinian Academy, and Westerleigh Collegiate Institute, Staten Island, N. Y.; general manager and vice president North Shore Ice Co., 1920–34; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died March 16, 1944.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Through Jesus Christ our Lord and our Saviour. Amen.

Hon. JERRY VOORHIS, a Representative from the State of California, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. JERRY VOORHIS

Mr. SPEAKER: Since the last memorial service held in this chamber ten Members of the House of Representatives and three Members of the Senate have finished the work which was given them to do here and made their last long journey home. It is, I think, a beautiful and proper custom that one day in every year is set aside from other business of the Congress in order that we may pay solemn tribute to those of our colleagues whose bodily presence has passed away from us but who still live among us in spirit and in memory.

Unlike Shakespeare's Mark Antony we do not believe that "the evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with

their bones." Life's lessons teach us otherwise. It is the strength, the goodness, the inner worth of men and women that lives on—not alone in the mind of God but in the life of this world as well.

Those who have known and worked with children come in time to understand that into every life that comes this way there is infused some special gift—a gift that is unique and not quite like the one which any other human being brings.

Many and various are these gifts which God, through boys and girls and men and women, seeks to bestow upon the world. But somewhere in each one of us is carried a flash of genius or a special skill, a word or smile of strength and hope, an understanding heart, which no one else in all of life can give mankind unless he does so. Only those who know a man the best can truly value him, or see just where and when and how he casts his precious stone upon the waters of this life to make their movement different and a bit more beautiful than could have been the case had he not passed this way.

It was the Master Himself who told us: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Only as the seed returns to the ground from whence it sprang can its life be renewed in the plant whose potential beauty and usefulness lay locked within that seed.

So let it be with our departed colleagues. May the good seed they have planted be so nourished and tended by the honor we do their memory that the work they began may live on to benefit mankind.

The history of mankind teaches us repeatedly this great truth; that it is in death that somehow good men and women and truly great men and women gain the fullest measure of their power and are able to exert their greatest creative influence upon their fellow sojourners upon this strange and ofttimes baffling little planet. The great musicians, authors, and inventors have died in poverty, unheralded and unsung, their work rejected by mankind. Yet after their mortal

bodies have ceased to walk the earth generations of men and women have lived to honor them and—what is of a great deal more importance—have brought literally to life the very minds of such men through their symphonies, their books and poems, their inventions.

While he lived Galileo was condemned a heretic for teaching the truth about the structure of the solar system. But in death he has taught generations of these things.

Thomas Jefferson faced in his own times a bitter enmity among large numbers of his fellow countrymen. He was called a Jacobin, accused of being dangerous and radical. At times his very life was threatened. But that same Jefferson lives today in hearts and minds of millions around the world; and it is to that same Jefferson that Americans of every political creed look for leadership. His body fell into the ground and died. But, freed from it, his living thoughts have brought forth untold good fruit to bless his country and its people.

And Lincoln. Is Lincoln dead? "Oh, yes," men say. He died in Washington in 1865. And never was a man in high office so flagrantly maligned, so bitterly attacked, so schemed against by those pretending to be his friends. But Lincoln is not dead. The good he did is not interred with his bones. The words he spoke at Gettysburg, the simple honesty of his mind, the mighty majesty of his great rugged soul are more impelling, more alive today than when he struggled, mortal, among men.

And what are we to learn from Him who died upon a cross, condemned to death by those he lived to save, nailed there by the soldiers of a heartless state that thought he could be killed? Are we so blind as to believe that that Good Friday was a day of failure and defeat? No! We cannot be. The very soul of the religion we profess is only to be found in understanding that Easter Resurrection never comes unless Good Friday goes before it. Death and resurrection were not, are not, two events but one.

The one creative power in all experience is self-sacrificing devotion. Out of the travail of motherhood the child is born. No mighty music or great work of art, no poem of power or book of worth, no law of justice or religious truth—not one of these things has come into this world except where he who brought it gave of himself, made sacrifice to bring it here.

Death, then, is but the greatest sacrifice. It is then man gives his all. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life to his friends." The bodies of these our colleagues in the House have been committed to the ground. The same earth holds them that holds the bodies of those soldiers, sailors, and marines who today around the world give all they have—their very lives—that other people may be free. Death is supreme sacrifice; sacrifice is the soul of creative power; creative power is of God.

Only in death is life made whole and perfect. The awesome mystery that surrounds the passing of the soul from its body finds its counterpart in the utterly inexplicable miracle of birth. No scientific explanation in cold biological terms of the mere process that accompanies the coming of a new life into this world has even so much as scratched the surface of the profound miracle that inheres in the mighty fact that new life is possible, that God shares with men and women His own creative powers.

And so with death. We only know that somehow the body has lost its vital element. Its chemical composition is not altered; its weight has not changed. Except for a deeper repose than it has ever known its outward appearance is much the same. And yet the force we know as life is gone from it. The only thing which, residing there, possessed significance and power and beauty has found escape.

We know, do we not, in our heart of hearts that another miracle has taken place? We know it is not an end we witness but completion of life's cycle with the return whence it came of a portion of the expression in personality of the life and power of God.

It was Christ Jesus Himself who gave His life to teach us this lesson. "I go to My Father," He said. And again to the repentent thief there on the cross beside Him, "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." It is remarkable, I think, that we have clothed that word with meaning so foreign to our own experience. For what greater paradise to the worn and tired traveler than to return to his own home at nightfall? And where, but to the Father from whence he came, could that greatest of all human souls have sought to go?

We are wrong if we mourn for those whose work is done, whose hour of labor on this earth is finished. Only our own loss should cause us pain. For even as with glad and thankful hearts we welcome the newborn babe, so with understanding and insight into life's true meaning we should regard the final miraculous escape of the soul of a man or woman from the body that has held it a brief moment on this earth.

The physicist tells us that matter is indestructible, that even fire has no power to destroy but only to transform. Can any man with power of reflection and quiet thought regard this universe with its ordered suns and stars, this earth blessed with water, soil, and air, the power of growth of all its living things, as but a series of unrelated accidents? Can any man regard the growth of mind from the dawn of understanding in the ice caves of a far-off age to the spiritual communion of a church, the sweep of knowledge of a school or the intellectual interchanges of a parliament—can this great fact be sensed at all without belief in God? This mighty existence of which we find ourselves, for reasons utterly beyond our ken, a part, did not just happen. There is an Author, Sculptor, Artist, what you will, who has shaped and patterned it. And His highest of all works is the mind and soul of man. Is the work and travail of creation to be reasonably believed to be for naught? To say so is to speak what palpably is not and never can be true. No! This is no mockery. God's greatest work does not die. He takes it home to Himself again.

Who has not looked upon the stars and wondered at the power that holds them in their courses? And who thus

wondering has not known that that power is one of purpose, of intelligence, of absolute inclusiveness of all He has created and especially of all to whom He has given life.

THE MYSTIC

There is a quest that calls me,
  In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
  The known from the unknown.

I mount what thought is near me
  And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the seen grows dim
  And the sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind,
  I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
  I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
  And everywhere
Through the earth and air
  My thought speeds, lightning-shod.
It comes to a place where, checking pace,
  It cries, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of the darkness,
  It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of dust!"
  It bids—and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of being,
  Where there is gulf alone—
And thro' a vast that was never passed
  I listen for life's tone.

I have ridden the wind,
  I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
  From the vaults of death like a chilling breath
Over eternity.
  And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
  Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to its brink and find
  But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me and ever calls me!
And vainly I reply,
"Fools only ride where the ways divide
What is from the whence and why!"
I'm lifted into the saddle
Of thoughts too strong to tame
And down the deeps and over the steeps
I find—ever the same.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
With far intent thro' the firmament
And each to each allies.
And everywhere
That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God.

—*Cole Young Rice.*

Yesterday our colleagues stood with us on "the strand where just beyond lies God." Today they have crossed over. Today they understand. No longer do they search for explanations and for truth. They are gone beyond the veil that cloaks the answers to all mysteries from those of us who still must live. It is not in mourning that we honor them. But rather in seeing that to us is given one great duty and the opportunity and means of being true to their memory. For we can dedicate ourselves to struggling to complete the work which they began. These whose memory we honor here today, now see face to face the meaning of all life and death and sacrifice and creative love. For where they are, there the Source of Life resides.

Let us turn then with understanding to the uncompleted task of building that better world which those who have gone before have helped make possible. May the good they did upon this earth live on after them through the efforts of us who called them friends. Ours is the torch they have laid down—these Members of the House and Senate and men like them around the world today. Their memory, their

influence, their very spirit on this earth will live if we keep faith with them. May the peace of God which passeth understanding keep their hearts and minds this day and always, and may His inspiration guide and spur us on as we strive to hold high the torch they have passed on to us.

Corp. Glenn Darwin sang Abide With Me.

Hon. KARL E. MUNDT, a Representative from the State of South Dakota, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY MR. KARL E. MUNDT

Mr. SPEAKER: We meet today for a purpose which has the dignity and tenderness of funeral rites without their acute sadness. We are drawn together today not by a new bereavement but one which time has softened and mellowed. We are here to pay tribute to those Members of the Senate and the House who have joined the realm of the invisible since we last met here a year ago in a memorial service. It is our privilege today to honor those who have passed on. We freshen with the dew of recollection the fragrant blossoms of love and understanding wreathed about the memories of our departed. We do well to pause annually for an occasion such as this. We approach this session with eyes undimmed by tears but with hearts filled with the tender thoughts of remembrance and retrospection. We meet here not only to honor the memory of those who have gone but to remind ourselves that soon or late each of us must hearken to the call and take our place with those preceding us in the silent halls of death, there to bivouac together in our low green tents waiting the reveille and the reunion of the resurrection.

Joseph Addison once represented humanity as a great throng passing over a bridge, having numerous secret trap doors, which unexpectedly open now and then letting the passengers pass through until toward the end of the last span no one remains to pass. What a true picture of life that represents. Some are nipped in the bud, others fall at blossom time, some fall by the wayside at mid-maturity, and few

there are who are privileged to ripen and retain their earthly functions beyond their allotted three score years and ten. We who serve together in the Congress of the United States know that each year sees the passing of a certain number of our associates into the realm beyond and above the valley. Slowly but surely our ranks are constantly thinned. We pause on the speedy highway of life today to commemorate the lives of those who have answered the distant call.

As we pause together to pay tribute to the departed, we find courage in the fact that life does not end with the lapse of mortal breath. We are buoyed by the evidences of life after death which Nature provides us in every environment. The beautiful sunset is but the beginning of a glorious sunrise. Twilight finds its inspiring finish in the dawn. The dry leaves descending in the fall provide the rich mulch to protect the tender shoots of life reappearing in the spring. When we go down into the valley of the shadow it can be said that we have finished the day's work, but it cannot be said that we have finished our lives. Our day's work will begin anew with the following morning. The tomb is not a blind alley or a dead-end street. It is a thoroughfare. As it closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn. Edith Davis Rowe expressed it well when she wrote:

Some day our ears will cease to hear,
Our limbs will cease to walk,
Our eyes will close to mortal scenes,
Our tongue no more will talk;
Our hands will never work again,
Our heart will stop its beat,
But yet for years our work will stay
To make our lives complete.
The things we made will still be used,
The things we write be read,
The things we've said will, too, live on
In others' minds instead.
And so our lives go on and on
Through generations more,
The products of the human mind
Are tripled by the score.

Good deeds survive the human trail; kind words never die. Our bodies may vanish from the scene of action, but the influence of our lives, well lived, continues with the endlessness of eternity. Yea, verily, in the words of the beautiful song we have heard this morning, there is no death. By our everyday deeds as we work along we determine in part our individual grasp upon eternity. Wise King Solomon expressed it rather tersely, albeit truthfully, when he said in Proverbs x: 7: "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

A poet whose name has been lost in anonymity although his words have attained immortality put it this way:

Not—how did he die?
But—how did he live?
Not—what did he gain?
But—what did he give?
These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man as a man
Regardless of birth.
Not—what was his station
But—had he a heart?
And—how did he play
His God-given part?
Was he ever ready
With a word of good cheer
To bring back a smile
To banish a tear?
Not—what was his church?
Nor what was his creed?
But—had he befriended
Those really in need?
Not what did the sketch
In the newspaper say—
But—how many were sorry
When he passed away?

Those of us who knew personally the 3 Members of the Senate and the 10 Members of the House who have passed away since last we met in memorial services realize that the genuine sorrow and fond memories which followed their departure

give eloquent testimony to the high measure of worth which attached to each of those no longer able to respond to the calling of the roll. In a very real sense these Senators and Representatives gave their lives in the service of their country. Their passing left the Nation poorer but their services here in Congress helped to shape its course toward greatness.

In this particular memorial service, held as it is during the anguish of a great and awful war, we who gather here meet with a full appreciation of the fact that each day and night hundreds of new white crosses are being erected to American military heroes who have gone to sojourn with our departed associates in the realms of eternity. As we honor our own absent Members today, let us, therefore, add to their lists in our praise and our prayers all of their predecessors in the Congress and the men and women of America who have died and are yet to die in the service of their country.

THESE ARE DIFFICULT DAYS IN CONGRESS

American history has recorded no more difficult or important time to serve in Congress than the present. The Seventy-seventh Congress which tussled with the pre-war problems and the tasks of rearmament and the Seventy-eighth Congress which provides the sinews of war and the legislative support for the most costly and calamitous conflict in human history have been the most trying and exacting Congresses in the years of our Republic. The pressure of long hours and multitudinous tasks, the strain of anxious decisions on momentous problems, the worry of responsibilities pregnant with significance for all time to come, have taken their toll among our associates in Congress as they have on the fields of battle.

Only a knave or a fool could wear lightly the heavy obligations which are his as a Member of Congress in this desperate juncture of our national history. The combination of nights made sleepless by reflection upon what would comprise the best decision on the morrow and of days made restless by the torturing turmoil of our times has not limited its demands

by exacting the lives of those whom we are met here today to commemorate. We can also read its heavy toll in the faces and the bodies of those with whom we are presently associated in the mighty decisions of our daily lives. Truly, these are not easy times in which to serve in Congress.

GOVERNMENT BY BENEFIT OF CONGRESS IS BEST

If those who see Congress only from the outside and judge it only by its errors and its weaknesses could but follow its individual Members to their homes and live with them, sharing their thoughts and emotions for just a single month, the carping criticism of writers and speakers which has sometimes risen to almost a crushing crescendo would be projected with the moderation of a better understanding. It is an ancient truism that the water is never missed until the well is dry. Even the most brazen and hyperbolic critics of Congress whose pens and words sometimes drip with the hateful brine of personal venom would retire into silence if the alternative of no Congress at all were substituted for either a good Congress, or an indifferent Congress.

A hasty glance at the conditions in countries where there are no legislative bodies on the national level of where such bodies simply serve to reenforce the edicts of the vain men who dominate their countries convinces the severest skeptic that government by benefit of Congress at its worst is far superior to government bereft of Congress at its best.

While the hearts and minds of our colleagues, both alive and dead, have been saddened and burdened at times by unconscionable and unjustifiable attacks upon their patriotism, their purposes, and their personalities, the Nation itself has cause to rejoice that its Congress had stood up to these attacks, fighting back at times and at others simply turning its back to the storm, but ever and always fixing its eyes on its standards and refusing to surrender.

If I were a minister of the gospel and were going to select a text to weave into this address, I would go to the Psalms 118,

and use the twenty-second verse, "The stone which the builders rejected has become the stone of the corner."

The gradual evolution of Congress to its present position as the keystone of freedom and self-government in this Republic is in harmony with the Biblical admonition which I have just cited. In his struggle to master the art of government, man was slow to turn to an assembly of his associates as the device through which to maintain order, protect the weak, and regulate the strong. He experimented down through the ages with sages and savants, with tyrants and despots, with medicine men and potentates. He turned to princes and kings, to queens and dukes and lords. Only after losing his faith in the rule of hereditary houses and regal men down through the sad experiences of centuries did man finally turn to himself and his fellows as the source from which sound government could best be sought.

Even in the founding days of this Republic, the position of the great institution of Congress came only as a compromise between those who feared the people and those who were suspect of the king.

Now after over 150 years of self-rule and of congressional control over purse and sword, this great legislative stone—the Congress—which the builders of government for ages rejected has truly become the head of the temple of self-government in America. And as the keystone of freedom in this Republic, it has become the lodestone of freedom for all the world. Men and women, wan and weary with war, turn yearning eyes in our direction and vow to themselves in their despair that in the glad days of tomorrow, they will erect governments in which they, themselves, can be the rulers as well as the ruled.

Strangely enough, in the uncertain happenchance of life across the years, many of those who have dealt most unfairly and unjustly with Congress have had occasion to seek assistance or protection from the very branch of Government which they so callously condemned. In truth, these men

and groups have been rescued from a fate which might well have been theirs had their vicious sneak attacks been more successful. Thus, these constant critics many times have secured dividends as a result of their own impotence. I think Ralph Waldo Emerson must almost have had Congress in mind and must have envisaged some of the smear attacks directed at it in modern times when he wrote his poem, A Nation's Strength. Permit me to quote a verse or two from it:

What builds the nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?
Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men who work while others sleep
Who dare while others fly—
They build a Nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

We who are here today may well thank our eternal God that men of the type of whom Emerson wrote have been so numerous in America. In peacetime and in war, on the battlefield and on the home front, in public and in private life, a great and good God has blessed this Republic with enough men and women willing to stand fast and suffer long to build this Nation's pillars so deep and lift them so high that today the beacon light which is the United States signals to all the world to join us in attaining nobler objectives by employing the precepts of brotherly love and by following the teachings of the Man of Galilee. It is men of this type whom we are gathered here today to honor. It is men of this type who must carry on at home and abroad during this tragic era. It is men and women of this type who must seek communion with their God in the shaping of a world after the war which will get civilization back in gear and help in

bringing to greater numbers the blessings of more lasting peace and greater equities.

WE MUST MAKE THINGS COME RIGHT

Out in the sky-touching mountains of South Dakota—the Black Hills—lives a great American known to many of you by his literary works. I refer to the poet laureate of South Dakota, Badger Clark. In my opinion, the greatest work that Badger Clark has ever written is his poem The Job. I want to read it to you now, as typifying a theme which should help us in meeting the challenges which we confront and give us courage and hope when we feel futile in our grapple with the imponderables which lie ahead of us.

THE JOB

But, God, it won't come right! it won't come right!
I've worked it over till my brain is numb.
The first flash came so bright,
Then more ideas after it—flash!—flash!—I thought it some
New Constellation men would wonder at.
Perhaps its just a firework—flash! Fiss! Spat!
Then darker darkness and scorched pasteboard and sour smoke.

But, God, the thought was great,
The scheme, the dream—why, till the first charm broke,
The thing just built itself, while I, elate,
Laughed and admired it. Then it stuck,
Half done, the lesser half, worse luck!
You see, it's dead as yet, a frame, a body—and the heart,
The soul, the fiery vital part
To give it life, is what I cannot get. I've tried—
You know it—tried to catch live fire
And pawed cold ashes. Every spark has died.
It won't come right! I'd drop the thing entire,
Only—I can't! I love my job.

You, who ride the thunder,
Do you know what it is to dream and drudge and throb?
I wonder.
Did it come at you with a rush, your dream, your plan?
If so, I know how you began.
Yes; with rapt face and sparkling eyes,

Swinging the hot globe out between the skies,
Marking the new seas with their white beach lines,
Sketching in sun and moon, the lightning and the rains,
Sowing the hills with pines,
Wreathing a rim of purple round the plains;
I know you laughed then, while you caught and wrought
The big, swift, rapturous outline of your thought,
And then—
Men.

I see it now.
O, God, forgive my pettish row!
I see your job. While ages crawl,
Your lips take laboring lines, your eyes a sadder light,
For man, the fire and flower and center of it all—
Man won't come right!
After your patient centuries,
Fresh starts, recastings, tired Gethsemanes
And tense Golgothas, he, your central theme,
Is just a jangling echo of your dream.
Grand as the rest may be, he ruins it.

Why don't you quit?
Crumple it all and dream again! But, no—
Flaw after flaw, you work it out, revise, refine—
Bondage, brutality, and war, and woe
The sot, the fool, the tyrant, and the mob—
Dear God, how you must love your job!
Help me, as I love mine.

Friends, what a challenge the patience and perseverance of the Creator provides for each of us as we hew to our jobs. In a world wicked and weary with war, we can take fresh hope that out of it all will come something better. We labor today under the grim red shadow of an awful war because men will not come right. Or should we say, more hopefully, that we struggle on through carnage and conflict because up to now men have not come right? What of tomorrow? And the day after? Men must come right. A kind Providence has given us the tools for success. We can think and reason. We can work and laugh and sing. We can talk and write and pray. We can remember and we can plan ahead. Men must come right, and with them must come a rightly acting world.

We who are here today cannot do it all. But we can do something. We in America cannot reform the world. But we can help. We in our legislative seats cannot refashion human nature here at home to make all things come right. But we can help to provide an environment which will encourage rectitude and make equity a permanent guest. We who now serve in Congress are not the only Members of the House and Senate in our Nation's history. Others have been here before and others yet will follow us. But we are the only ones who hold office here today. Thus, in a very real sense we are the head of the temple. We cannot do the job alone, but without our help the big job can never be done rightly.

For the next 7 months at least we must love our job and to it give our very best. If the 13 absent ones whom we honor today could speak to us from out of the vast beyond, their message would be to carry on for freedom, for America, for humanity, in the name of our colleagues who have gone, and of our fighting heroes scattered throughout the world.

For 1 month and half a year, at least, we are the fire and flower and center of it all. We must make things come right. With God at our side and our eyes on the stars, let us work at our job to the end that a fair chance for a free people may be the earthly heritage of every babe that is born in this and every other country. We mortals who have so badly bungled the universe of the Creator now face our greatest opportunity. As God gives us the wisdom to see what is right let us master our jobs in a manner to do honor to those who are gone and to bring honor to those who are here.

Musician Edward Masters, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded Taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Thomas Henry Cullen

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Rooney
Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: It becomes my sad duty to record a personal word to the Members of this House upon the life, character, and public service of that distinguished and lovable statesman who came to Congress from Brooklyn in the State of New York and who dedicated his life to the upbuilding and perpetuation of American ideals and institutions—the late illustrious gentleman who preceded me as Representative in Congress of the Fourth Congressional District, Hon. THOMAS H. CULLEN.

The death of my dear friend THOMAS H. CULLEN has been a great loss to this House, to his party, and to the people of his congressional district. He was courageous, honorable, and one of the outstanding men of his State, and of the Nation. His legislative life was marked throughout by his deep devotion to duty and his sense of responsibility of the trust that was his. He possessed in a superlative degree those elements of human sympathy and kindness which made lifelong friends of all who knew him. Of him it can be truly said that if everyone indebted to him for a kindly act should drop a flower on his bier he would slumber beneath a myriad of flowers.

THOMAS H. CULLEN was one of the most picturesque and striking and at the same time one of the most lovable and loyal characters in the public life of our time. He was ever courteous and charitable, and at once an example and an inspiration to all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance and friendship. He resorted to no showy expedients

to attract the crowd and attain transient distinction. His life was simple, his aims modest. He sought only to be kind and to be just; and he loved his fellowman.

He was affectionately known as TOM CULLEN by most of his colleagues in the House and by his intimate friends. He was ever ready and willing to extend to others the fruits of his many years of experience, matured judgment, and practical wisdom. He was steadfast in his loyalty to his legislative duties, his family, and his host of friends. His gracious nature and warmth of greeting will always be missed and will long be remembered. Gifted with a keen sense of humor, he had few equals as a social companion. Many a happy social gathering was enlivened with his folksongs and old Irish ballads.

For practically half a century Mr. CULLEN was the able legislative representative of his neighbors in the New York State Legislature in Albany and in the Halls of Congress here in Washington. In his long and illustrious career he lacked but a few days of fulfilling 25 years of faithful service in this House, representing the people of the district in which he was born. He was a product of Brooklyn, and that great borough of the world's largest city can be as proud of him as he was of it.

It can truthfully be said that Mr. CULLEN was a casualty of this war. For some time previous to his passing he was a very sick man, and despite the entreaties of his loved ones and of his colleagues in the House, he refused to relinquish his duties until his health was such that it was physically impossible for him to continue. Just a few weeks prior to his death he attended a series of grueling committee meetings as the ranking majority member of the Committee on Ways and Means and as one of the conferees in connection with the recent revenue bill. It seemed incredible that he could carry on such a difficult task, but he had the determination and courage to complete his last great assignment.

I shall ever recall his many kindnesses during all the years we lived as next-door neighbors in Brooklyn. My children should never forget the kindly and generous Congressman CULLEN. His passing on March 1, 1944, left me with a deep personal feeling of having lost a sincere and true counselor and friend.

To his wife, who was always his constant companion, and to his good family, I extend my sincere sympathy; to his constituency I recall that God has taken unto Himself an able Representative, a devoted friend, a man amongst men. The memory of his faith, his loyalty to the things in which he believed, shall abide with us forever.

None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise.
May he rest in deserved and eternal peace.

Mr. Speaker, I wish to extend my remarks upon the life, character, and public services of the Honorable THOMAS H. CULLEN, Congressman from the State of New York, by inserting in the Record an extension of remarks by the Honorable Harry Flood Byrd, of Virginia:

As chairman of the Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures, I speak for all the members of that committee who were deeply saddened by the death of one of its most valued and conscientious members, THOMAS HENRY CULLEN, of the Fourth Congressional District of New York.

Mr. CULLEN was long a Member of the House of Representatives and at the time of his death he was the ranking Democratic member of the House Ways and Means Committee.

It is apparent by the tribute paid to him by his colleagues that they recognized him as a man of insight and wit. All those who know him well were comforted in times of trial by his ever radiant and generally sympathetic nature. This man's abilities were particularly helpful to me as chairman of the Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures. Mr. CULLEN was an excellent, industrious, and loyal committee member. He took the work of this committee seriously for he knew that its aim, like his aim, was to see that the best interests of the people of the

United States were served always. Mr. CULLEN's keen mind brought to light many things that the committee might otherwise have missed. He demonstrated his remarkable ability and fund of knowledge during the hearings of the committee and exhibited a wide knowledge of the operation of the intricate Federal structure by the questions he asked. His remarks frequently brightened up long sessions dealing with involved matters. I feel sure that the people in his district will miss THOMAS HENRY CULLEN as their representative. I know that the Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures will miss Mr. CULLEN as a member and I will miss TOM CULLEN as a friend.

Remarks by Representative Delaney

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: The passing of TOM CULLEN while a Member of the House of Representatives was an irreparable loss. His membership in the New York State Assembly, as well as the State senate, was a picture of fine, loyal, and conscientious service to his district, city, and State.

His election to the House of Representatives in 1918 was another indication of the devotion of the people of his district and was a striking evidence of the faith and confidence they had in TOM CULLEN.

One of the occasions to which TOM often referred, and to which he pointed with pride, was his reelection to the Sixty-seventh Congress in 1920. It was with pardonable pride that he could look upon that election with satisfaction—he was the only Democratic Congressional candidate who was elected from Brooklyn in that year.

Like a true soldier, almost to the moment of his passing, he was actively engaged in his work as a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and was in daily attendance on the floor of the House.

He loved life and good companionship, and his fondest desire was to spread happiness to all through his cheerful and happy disposition. Those who knew TOM found a loyal and true friend, a sagacious leader, and a conscientious counsellor.

His colleagues will miss him, his district has suffered a great loss, and our sympathy and condolence go to his bereaved family.

Remarks by Representative Taber

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: TOM CULLEN was a veteran in the House of Representatives when I first arrived here 22 years ago. I will always remember his exceeding courtesy and kindness to all the younger Members on the New York delegation.

He was a man of character, exceeding industry, and great ability. Seldom does a man have such a long record of public service as was his lot to have, extending over a span of nearly 50 years.

Our sincerest sympathy goes out to his family.

Remarks by Representative Cochran

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: Having enjoyed a close personal friendship with TOM CULLEN since he became a Member of this House, I share the sorrow that has come to his family.

TOM CULLEN was devoted to the success of his country. Born and raised in the city of Brooklyn, his interest in the success of the farmer was as great as his interest in the success of those who resided in the urban centers. He was a national, not a local, legislator. Time and again I have seen him assist in passing legislation of little benefit to those he represented. No higher tribute can be paid him than to say he was respected by all who knew him.

Not only his city and State, but the Nation, has lost an outstanding public servant.

Remarks by Representative Merritt

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: We were born to die and we die that we may live. This is the whole philosophy of human existence. I dare say that the passing of our dear friend, TOM CULLEN, will be just that, and his memory will be eternal.

A man possessing the soul of wit, an Irish gentleman such as our dear friend, was bound to have many, many loving friends. I am very happy to think that I could be considered in that category.

Even before I had the opportunity of taking my first oath in this House 10 years ago, and upon my election, he called at my office. Being a young man, realizing that he had an abundance of knowledge and experience, I was indeed proud to know that he would suffer himself to come to my office and offer me the benefit of his experience in this great body.

Yes, his voice has been stilled, but I am sure that I speak not only for myself but for the other Members of this House and his friends when I say that his very kindness, his memory, will linger in our hearts forever.

Remarks by Representative Ford

Of California

Mr. SPEAKER: In the passing of THOMAS H. CULLEN, the House loses a valuable member, his district an able Representative, and the Nation a great and distinguished citizen.

TOM CULLEN, as his colleagues called him, was beloved of all. He was a gentle, courteous, and kindly soul who attracted friends as a magnet does metal.

His service in this body was distinguished in character. He served for 14 of his 24 years on the Ways and Means Committee.

But it is not only for his distinguished service that TOM CULLEN will be remembered. He was one of those who loved his fellow men and delighted in extending courtesies to the newer Members who were wise enough to seek his sane advice and be guided by his friendly counsel.

Hail and farewell, TOM. It was good to have known you. Peace to your soul.

Remarks by Representative Elmer

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: This is the second memorial service I have attended in this House. Both were impressive. I listened to the eloquent addresses of a year ago and of today and I observed to myself, how fitting.

I knew our deceased colleagues for only a short time and cannot appraise them like those who have known them longer. I accept the appraisal of their worth, made by their people who sent them here on the mission to serve our common country.

On the surface, it sometimes seems, there is more strife than unity, and when one falls by the wayside his place is so quickly taken by another we forget the comrade of yesterday in greeting the one of today. But not so. The greatest thing in this House is the fellowship among its Members and their respect for each other. The strife comes from the earnestness of each to serve his country in his own way. Such fellowship cannot exist in any body of 435 Members which does not have a common purpose. If all were melted into one mass and poured into one mold there would emerge the image of Uncle Sam—the symbol of our united country. We remember them day by day, and on this annual occasion, show to our fellow Americans we have not forgotten.

When Columbus discovered America he saw a light burning on the shore. It was a signal from the New World to the Old, symbolical of the light of liberty that has burned here ever since. God had erected in our country His great lighthouse of freedom—evermore. It has sent its rays to all parts of the world. It has never lost its power, but has grown increasingly bright and strong as the years roll by.

Our deceased brothers, when alive, stood guard over this gift of God and with us have kept the lamps trimmed and the lower light burning along the shore. They must be kept here, else freedom and liberty would be extinguished from the earth.

Remarks by Representative Fitzpatrick

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: All our hearts were saddened by the passing of our dear friend and distinguished colleague, the Honorable THOMAS H. CULLEN, of the Fourth Congressional District, New York, on March 1, 1944. He was affectionately known to all of us as TOM. For years the dean of our New York delegation, he left a record behind of which any man could be proud. When I came to Congress 18 years ago, he was one of the first men I met. At that time he willingly offered me his good counsel and advice on the intricate legislative procedure of this body. Through the following years of our personal friendship and close association I learned, on countless occasions, the true warmth of his heart and the kindliness of his spirit.

Words are mere phrases and meaningless in attempting to say that which comes to my heart in the loss of one whom I was privileged to know most intimately for many years. He was a public-spirited man, kind and humane. If any of his friends were ill or confined to the hospital, it was nothing for Tom to call on them time and time again and do everything possible for their comfort. His life was full of useful deeds.

He was a good husband, a good father, and a good friend. He has left to his family the heritage of a good name and the record of a statesman upon which the whole State of New York can look with pride. In his passing I have lost a very dear and close friend, the State of New York has lost a devoted son, and the Nation an able and accomplished legislator whose work will long be remembered.

Remarks by Representative Klein

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: It is with great sorrow that I rise to express my grief and personal loss at the passing of our dear colleague and dean of the New York delegation, Hon. THOMAS H. CULLEN.

As one of the younger members of the New York delegation, I may not have had the years of personal association and contact with him that some of my other colleagues may have had. However, during my short period here I have come to know him and to love him.

He was the first Member that I met when I came down here to Washington as a neophyte. As a matter of fact, even prior to my election, I came down to Washington to meet TOM and was taken by him over to the White House and was introduced to our great President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

From TOM CULLEN I learned how to conduct myself as a Member of Congress, and I am sure I shall always remember the kind words of advice which he gave me.

In extending my condolences to his family, I know it will be of some comfort to them to know how much their dear one was loved and respected by all who knew him.

Remarks by Representative Camp

of Georgia

Mr. SPEAKER: The sorrow we experience in the passing of a friend is the sorrow from which the heart fails to find real surcease. It is a sorrow measured by our love for them, and when we learned, on March 1, 1944, that the Great Father had called our kind hearted, generous, distinguished, and beloved colleague, THOMAS H. CULLEN, home to rest, we were so overcome in grief that Time, though a great healer, refuses to palliate.

Although I had known Mr. CULLEN since I became a Member of Congress in 1939, it was not until my election to the Ways and Means Committee, of which he was our ranking member, that I became closely associated with him and learned to love him.

He was an elder statesman whose example and advice we cherished. I have never seen anyone who possessed more dignity and patriotism. He was tolerant and sympathetic, and always conscious of his duties and responsibilities as a legislator.

His long service as a Member of this House is proof of his abundant ability and popularity among his fellow Members and constituents as well.

His death was a personal loss to me, and I extend to his bereaved family my heartfelt sympathy.

Remarks by Representative Lemke

Of North Dakota

Mr. SPEAKER: We are met here today to honor the memory of our departed colleagues and friends—to listen to the roll call of those who have been taken from our midst. It has been the good fortune of each of us to know some of these Members intimately—our misfortune to know others not so intimately. We all know that they all strove to make their State and Nation a better place to live in; to make this a better world for their having been.

We know that they were but human—part of us. They did not claim to be infallible. They knew that human wisdom was limited. They strove with the light they had in a war-mad world. They, too, hoped for a just and permanent peace. They strove for perfection knowing that that goal could not be reached—but approached.

In honoring these dead we honor ourselves. We honor them not as partisans but as colleagues and fellow citizens of a great Nation. Partisanship ends at the grave. All earthly strife and difference of opinion comes to an end at the tomb. When the line that divides life and death has been passed, strife ends and there is perfect and permanent peace.

Let us hope that the spirits of our departed friends are present with us here today. Let us hope that they will guide us to ever higher ideals not only here on the floor of this House, but throughout the Nation and throughout the civilized world.

Remarks by Representative Kennedy

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: My late colleague and friend, THOMAS HENRY CULLEN, has been called from among us to fill his allotted place in the great tomorrow without having been able to complete the last mission which an admiring and loving constituency intrusted to him. His personality will live forever in the hearts of the people of New York.

His hearty laugh, his genial manner, and his earnest and sincere loyalty to the people in his neighborhood, together with his deep interest in humanity and human kind, won him their everlasting gratitude, respect, love, and adoration, which all combined compose the bouquet of the human heart.

Congressman CULLEN'S parents belonged to that noble race whose love of liberty has caused them to fight on the side of freedom under every flag when it stood for justice and equality of the individual. The inborn love for his fellow man, which shone out of his radiant face at all times, he inherited from his ancestral lineage.

Mr. CULLEN was born among the poor in the district that he represented, in the country his parents adopted, and never deserted their interests. He, knowing their wants by intimate contact, saw that they were filled; he was the arbitrator of their disputes, the leader in their pleasures, the champion of their cause, and the idol of their heart. He was their best friend.

They, his devoted followers, honored him with the best gift they had—their franchise, which placed him among us as a Member of the House of Representatives, previously having sent him to the Legislature of the State of New York, and thus delegating to him their interests in the framing of the laws under which they have to live.

TOM sailed in his youth. He knew the ports of the world from personal visits and realized the important part shipping played in the development of the United States. He frequently visited with men who came here from every part of the world. As a result of his sailing and business activities he acquired a knowledge of the affairs of men and of places that was most useful to him in his work as a Representative in Congress and particularly as a member of the Ways and Means Committee.

Long before he came here in 1919, back home in our State legislature, beginning in 1896, the Congressman, then a member of the assembly, devoted himself to a legislative program of general welfare proposals for the people of the city of New York. In my opinion, he did more than any man in this House today to advance the interests of the shipping industry and the men who go to sea. He was constantly alert to their problems and brought to their solution an intimate knowledge based on many years of actual business and lawmaking experience. He was a leader in every movement to improve the hours, wages, and working conditions of his people.

A sympathetic man, he could understand and appreciate problems of the other man. He was always tolerant. He was intensely partisan but always put the interest of his country first in deciding all questions before the Congress.

I first met TOM CULLEN in 1913 at the first inauguration of Woodrow Wilson. I had the privilege of serving on a committee with him in connection with inaugural ceremonies. I liked him at once and since that time he has always treated me with the greatest kindness and respect. Through the years I have enjoyed his friendship and I have been inspired by his enthusiasm and sincerity.

So, today, I join with my colleagues, from the entire country in paying tribute to the life, service, and character of our

departed friend, THOMAS CULLEN. He was steadfast in his devotion to his congressional duties and steadfast in all those things that mean so much to God and country. He was one of those fine citizens that always stand four square for honesty and justice.

I mourn the passing of THOMAS CULLEN as a colleague and as a friend. We have lost a skilled legislator, a great humanitarian, and a true Catholic gentleman.

"Haec olim meminisse juvabit."

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

WEDNESDAY, *March 1, 1944.*

Mr. SOMERS of New York, Mr. Speaker, I sadly announce the death of THOMAS H. CULLEN, who served in this body for 24 years. For 20 of those years, I enjoyed, through him, one of the sweetest intimacies and beautiful friendships my memory can conceive.

This is truly a difficult moment for me. I feel coursing through my veins an emotion that just stifles speech. My friend is gone—a man who for 20 years has guided me. At that time, coming into this House, I was young. I had all the ideals of Americanism that a blessed mother could instill in youth, without any of the experience; and I turned to one man, to the man who signified my conception of true statesmanship. I turned to one man for guidance and for help. At this moment I can truthfully say never in that time was I disappointed; never in that time did I have reason to regret my confidence in him.

Today, Mr. Speaker, he is gone. In his death I, too, feel as if I have died a little, for now my only contact with him will be in nebulous and vague memories that are inadequate; that somehow do not satisfy the wistfulness of a longing heart. In his passing my State has lost a most faithful and worthy servant. And I have lost a friend.

Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Doughton], who served with Mr. CULLEN as his chairman on the Ways and Means Committee for more than 10 years.

Mr. DOUGHTON. Mr. Speaker, and my dear colleagues, when the Angel of Death on last night removed from this body our dear friend and beloved colleague THOMAS H. CULLEN, or, as he was affectionately called, TOM CULLEN, there was removed from our midst one of the finest, ablest, truest, noblest,

and purest men it has ever been my privilege to know. No words at my command can adequately express my deep sense of personal loss at his passing. I feel as though I had lost a yokemate, one by whose side I have labored for 14 years on the Committee on Ways and Means. Certainly no one in the last 14 years has made a greater contribution or rendered more useful service to the committee of which he was so long a member than Mr. CULLEN. He was diligent, patient, considerate of the views of his colleagues, also a man of great force and conviction. Nothing on earth could swerve or cause him to deviate from what he conceived to be his duty. He was true to his country, loyal to his friends, devoted to his church and his God. He was simple in his habits, unassuming in his manner, and emphatically a man of the people. He was loved and trusted by his people as few men have ever been for the reason that he loved, trusted, and served his people.

Mr. CULLEN remained at his post of duty long after his physical strength had waned and nothing but his high sense of duty could have caused him to continue his work in his feeble condition. His last work in the House was as one of the conferees on the tax bill. He attended the sessions of the conference regularly. We all realized at that time that he was undoubtedly shortening his life or risking his life in doing so.

TOM CULLEN will ever live in the hearts and affections of those who were privileged to know him. My acquaintance with him will ever be one of the outstanding and treasured memories of my life. Our country can ill afford to lose a man like Mr. CULLEN in this hour when such momentous problems face our Nation's future.

It was of such as THOMAS H. CULLEN, our beloved colleague, that the inspired writer must have had in mind when he delivered the sublime tribute:

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they henceforth shall rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

I have never served with a man, have never known a man more lofty in his conceptions of public duty, more devoted and consecrated to what he conceived to be right, a more true, loyal, and devoted servant of his people than THOMAS H. CULLEN. I shall miss him greatly. His place on our committee cannot be filled, neither myself nor anyone else could fill it; and I cannot adequately express my own deep personal loss at his passing. To his widow and family I extend my deepest sympathy in their bereavement, and trust that a kind, compassionate Providence will comfort them in their great sorrow.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Dickstein].

Mr. DICKSTEIN. Mr. Speaker, I was greatly shocked by the death of TOM CULLEN, whom I have known for over 35 years. He was the dean of our delegation and I am sure he guided the delegation at all times for the best interest of the American people. TOM CULLEN spent most of his life serving his country. He served for over 20 years in the legislature of my State, where he was the chairman of the important committee on ways and means. He made a splendid record in the State legislature and came to this body in the Sixty-sixth Congress, where he remained continuously from that date on. During all his service in this House he has been a friend and adviser not only to the members of the New York delegation but to every new Member who needed the advice and guidance of an experienced legislator.

New York State has lost a great citizen, the country a good Representative, and we in Congress a valuable and respected colleague, one who always placed his country before anything else. Mr. Speaker, on behalf of my colleagues and myself I wish to extend our deepest sympathy to TOM CULLEN'S widow and their three children. Their loss is also our loss.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Fish].

Mr. FISH. Mr. Speaker, TOM CULLEN was admired and loved on both sides of the aisle, equally by Republicans and Democrats.

Not only have I had the honor, Mr. Speaker, to serve with Mr. CULLEN in this House for 24 years, but my association with him goes back far beyond that. He was a member of the New York State Assembly in 1895 when my father was speaker. He was a friend of my father and afterward it was my happy privilege to carry on that personal friendship which grew over the years. He was also a friend of my father-in-law, Hon. Alfred C. Chapin, who was the Democratic mayor of Brooklyn in 1890, when TOM CULLEN entered politics, and he often spoke to me about those days.

Mr. Speaker, I believe that TOM CULLEN has served continuously in public life longer than any elected official in the United States. Since 1895 he has been elected and reelected continuously to office, either to the Assembly or the Senate of the State of New York or to the Congress of the United States.

The people of his district had faith and confidence in TOM CULLEN and that is why they reelected him. They wanted him to represent them. He was a man of the highest character, integrity, and patriotism. He was a credit to Brooklyn, to his own congressional district, and to the Democratic Party, of which he was one of the recognized leaders. He was a credit to the House of Representatives, in which he served for so many years with honor and distinction. His half century of public service and statesmanlike record will long endure. He was a credit to the Nation and he will be remembered by his many friends in the Congress of the United States for many years to come.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Sabath].

Mr. SABATH. Mr. Speaker, I, too, have had the privilege and honor of serving many years with this eminent legislator.

Although it has been my good fortune to serve with many, many men in this honorable body, I cannot recall one who was more selflessly devoted to his onerous and important duties than TOM CULLEN.

TOM CULLEN was a Democrat, but frequently he would say to me: "You know he who serves the country best serves his party best."

I had admiringly observed TOM for many, many years in his many important activities on the floor and in the committees. He was an upright, honest, sincere, able, modest, unassuming gentleman. His main aim in life was to demonstrate to his people and to the country his worth as a representative of the people who elected and honored him for so many fruitful years, and at the same time evince practical devotion to the whole country that he loved so much and whose high traditions he upheld with singular success.

Mr. Speaker, I have not the words at my command to express the sorrow which I feel at his passing. Following the remarks of the gentleman from New York [Mr. Somers] and the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Doughton,] the able chairman of the great Committee on Ways and Means, I cannot add anything of real meaning, and it is hard for me to adequately express myself on an occasion of this kind. I always feel my lack of ability under these circumstances to express my true sentiments at the passing of a good man with whom I have served with much satisfaction and pleasure, a man who was so intelligently and painstakingly devoted to good of country and who served with such distinction to his district, to his State, and to the Nation. His good work, of enduring value, on the Committee on Ways and Means will ever remain one of his highest monuments.

We shall all very much miss the genial countenance and the helpful counsel of Mr. CULLEN. He has gone to that land from which nobody returns, but he has left an enviable repu-

tation as citizen and public benefactor which should be a worthy inspiration for all desirous of serving their fellowmen thoroughly and effectively.

I join the entire membership of this body, as well as a myriad of others, in expressing profound compassion for the beloved family and the kinsmen of this outstanding American.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Delaney].

"TILL TIRED HE SLEEPS AND LIFE'S POOR PLAY IS O'ER"

Mr. DELANEY. Mr. Speaker, a true warrior has just been called by his Master to answer the final roll call. His life has been a full one. A service of over 50 years in public life is the best testimonial of the high regard in which the people of his district held him. TOM CULLEN often boasted that he continued to live on the same spot where he was born.

TOM CULLEN served in the New York State Assembly, New York State Senate, and finally was elected to Congress in 1918. In that year he was the only Democrat elected from Brooklyn, in fact the only one out of eight candidates elected to the Sixty-sixth Congress from that borough. He was a real family man. There was a bond of friendship and love existing between them and him that continued until his death. He believed that happiness was found at one's fireside and not in another's garden. The loving care and sympathetic attention given him by his devoted wife and family, particularly during his recent illness, is an example for all of us to follow. He had a heart of mercy, a sense of shame, a sense of courtesy and respect, a sense of right and wrong.

He was a true friend to all of us, and we shall miss him greatly.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. McCormack].

Mr. McCORMACK. Mr. Speaker, the passing of my dear friend and colleague, TOM CULLEN, is not only a loss to this body but a personal loss to myself. From the very first day I arrived here in the latter part of 1928 as a Member of the House of Representatives our late colleague and my dear friend took a very personal interest in me. During the years that followed up until the present moment I looked upon him as a sort of a father.

Mr. Speaker, 2 years after I entered this body I was elected by the Democratic caucus as a Democratic member of the Ways and Means Committee, and for 12 years I served on that committee until my election as majority leader. During all of this time I sat at the knees of both TOM CULLEN and the distinguished gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Doughton], chairman of that great Ways and Means Committee.

As the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Doughton] spoke I tried to look into his mind in order to read his real innermost thoughts, knowing of the very close association between our late friend and the gentleman from North Carolina. I know how inadequate the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Doughton] felt in his expression of the feelings he possesses at this moment on the passing of such a wonderful friend and character. His innermost thoughts are the thoughts possessed by me, incapable of adequate expression at a time like this, but thoughts and feelings which profoundly move me. This feeling of friendship will be separated temporarily until I receive the call myself and take the final journey, at which time it is my hope that I may have a reunion with such a dear friend.

I saw TOM CULLEN within the past few months sitting at the very seat to which I am pointing. We saw him withering away, those of us who knew him and had served with him. The new Members did, too, but they did not know the TOM CULLEN in bygone years as we who have been in this body for an appreciable period of time. Every one of us, without

regard to the side on which we sit, saw him wither away. You know what your thoughts were as you would meet him, see him, or pass him from time to time. I know what my thoughts were.

TOM CULLEN was a sincere, loyal individual. There was no finer or more lovable person I have met in my journey through life than our distinguished colleague. He died as a legislative soldier. We have heard the historic phrase that Custer died with his boots on. There are men in this body who also die with their boots on. TOM CULLEN, ill and sick as he was, stayed in this body and performed his duty until it was physically impossible for him to carry on any longer. As I stated, he died with his boots on. He died as a legislative soldier.

He was trusted by all of us because we knew he was trustworthy. He was honored by all who knew him because everyone who knew TOM CULLEN knew that he was honorable.

To his widow, sons and daughter I extend my profound sympathy and I know I speak the sentiments of all of my colleagues in extending to his widow and to his family the sympathy of each and every Member of this body. TOM CULLEN was one of the outstanding men in this body during the years of his service here. He has made his impression upon the legislative history of our country. He takes the journey into the Great Beyond recognized as one of New York's greatest contributions to the Congress of the United States.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Kennedy].

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. Speaker, if our dear friend, the dean of our New York delegation, Representative THOMAS HENRY CULLEN, had lived but 1 month more, he would have lived to his seventy-seventh birthday. Born in the old city of Brooklyn, now part of Greater New York, it was quite natural that Mr. CULLEN, having completed his work at St. Francis College, should enter the steamship business. He was born in

a neighborhood on the water front. Those of us who have chatted with him about his district would be told about old Brooklyn and the docks and the sailing vessels that tied up to the piers in his district.

TOM sailed in his youth. He knew the ports of the world from personal visits and realized the important part shipping played in the development of the United States. He frequently visited with men who came here from every part of the world. As a result of his sailing and business activities he acquired a knowledge of the affairs of men and of places that was most useful to him in his work as a Representative in Congress and particularly as a member of the Ways and Means Committee.

Long before he came here in 1919 back home in our State legislature, begining in 1896 the Congressman, then a member of assembly, devoted himself to a legislative program of general welfare proposals for the people of the city of New York. In my opinion, he did more than any man in this House today to advance the interests of the shipping industry and the men who go to sea. He was constantly alert to their problems and brought to their solution an intimate knowledge based on many years of actual business and law-making experience. He was a leader in every movement to improve the hours, wages, and working conditions of his people.

A sympathetic man, he could understand and appreciate problems of the other man. He was always tolerant. Certainly he was most gracious to all of the men from the State of New York. I am certain he did more in his fatherly way to keep us on the right path than any other person in Washington. He devoted a lot of time to "his boys" explaining the intricacies of legislative procedure and counseling on the merits of pending bills. He was intensely partisan but always put the interest of his country first in deciding all questions before the Congress.

I first met TOM CULLEN in 1913 at the first inauguration of Woodrow Wilson. I had the privilege of serving on a committee with him in connection with inaugural ceremonies. I

liked him at once and since that time he has always treated me with the greatest kindness and respect. Through the years I have enjoyed his friendship and I have been inspired by his enthusiasm and sincerity.

So, today, I join with my colleagues, from the entire country, in paying tribute to the life, service, and character of our departed friend, THOMAS CULLEN. He was steadfast in his devotion to his congressional duties and steadfast in all those things that mean so much to God and country. He was one of those fine citizens that always stand four square for honesty and justice.

I mourn the passing of THOMAS CULLEN as a colleague and a friend. We have lost a skilled legislator, a great humanitarian, and a true Catholic gentleman. Of him it may be said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Idaho [Mr. White].

Mr. WHITE. Mr. Speaker, it was with a sad heart indeed that we learned of the passing of our good friend and colleague TOM CULLEN. Coming inexperienced to this body from Idaho some years ago I found a wonderful and helpful Member in the gentleman from the great city of Brooklyn in the State of New York. He was kindly and helpful. He gave advice and help to the young Members. He was one of the most gentle and fine men I have ever had the pleasure of knowing.

Mr. CULLEN, in his impartial and fine way of handling the business of this House when he acted as Chairman of the Committee of the Whole, has impressed us all with his fairness and won our hearts. America and the great State of New York have suffered an irreparable loss in the passing of TOM CULLEN.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Merritt].

Mr. MERRITT. Mr. Speaker, we were born to die and we die that we may live. This is the whole philosophy of human existence. I dare say that the passing of our dear friend, TOM CULLEN, will be just that, and his memory will be eternal.

A man possessing the soul of wit, an Irish gentleman such as our dear friend, was bound to have many, many loving friends. I am very happy to think that I could be considered in that category.

Even before I had the opportunity of taking my first oath in this House 10 years ago, and upon my election, he called at my office. Being a young man, realizing that he had an abundance of knowledge and experience, I was indeed proud to know that he would suffer himself to come to my office and offer me the benefit of his experience in this great body.

Yes, his voice has been stilled, but I am sure that I speak not only for myself but for the other Members of this House and his friends when I say that his very kindness, his memory, will linger in our hearts forever.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Keogh].

Mr. KEOGH. Mr. Speaker, on another occasion we will more fittingly and appropriately pay our respects to our departed colleague, the late THOMAS H. CULLEN.

Those of you who have served with him know the loss that is the country's, and his colleagues from the State of New York have given some indication of the loss that is that State's. But I beg leave of you to attempt, incapably, as I know I shall, to describe briefly the great loss that is the city of Brooklyn's in the passing of our dear distinguished colleague.

For 50 long and continuous years, a lifetime, he was the duly elected representative of the people of his community. He spent those years in the service of that community. In addition to being a faithful public servant, he was a leading member of his party there. There is no man in public life in Brooklyn today whose entry into that life was not under

the guidance and with the help of our departed colleague. His life was spent in helping others.

Especially to the Members elected from Brooklyn was he a tower of strength and a guiding beacon, ever willing to counsel and advise with them, ever ready to afford them the benefit of his long and broad experience, and ever unselfish and loyal in his allegiance to causes that won his support.

We who mourn his passing can hope that we can follow in his footsteps and aim to aproach the perfection that was his. My prayer is that he has and will have the rest and peace that he has so richly earned. My prayer, too, is that his family will be consoled by the fact that his life was well and faithfully spent. I extend to them, and especially to his faithful and loving wife, my deep and sincere sympathy.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Lynch].

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, at a time when the country can ill afford the loss of her elder statesmen, death has again stalked the House to capture the soul of our colleague the dean of the New York delegation, THOMAS H. CULLEN. We of the New York delegation knew him affectionately as Uncle Tom. We looked to him for guidance. We asked his opinion. We appreciated the counsel that he gave us, that came from the deep well of experience which was his. I had the pleasure to serve with him in the constitutional convention in New York in 1938. At that time he was looked upon as one of the outstanding legislators of New York, who had served in the assembly and in the senate, and who also served as a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1915. I renewed our acquaintance here in 1940, when I became a Member of the House, and then, of course, our contacts became closer, especially as members of the Committee on Ways and Means. I look back now, and of course I shall always remember him in the various phases of life in which I saw him, as a kindly gentleman, and yet as a leader of the dele-

gation, one who was always interested in the welfare of the members of that delegation. I recall most distinctly now, at the moment, the occasion of the other day when in the course of a vote in this House, seated in his seat, he answered the call, and voted. Then, fearful lest his weakened voice did not carry to the Clerk, he came down the aisle, escorted by his very close friend, Congressman Fitzpatrick, who feels so badly about the death of his close associate that he is unable to speak here this morning, to see that the Clerk had heard and had recorded his vote. He went back to his seat with tottering step, but with a look of grim determination, yet complete satisfaction on his deeply lined countenance. I thought then to myself, if ever a soldier died on the field of battle, TOM CULLEN will die on the field of battle in the legislative halls as a Member of this body. For the past year he seemed consumed with one overwhelming desire. It was to continue to the end to be a Member of the Congress of the United States. It was his whole desire, and he was a man of strong and firm convictions. Robust physically, he was strong in character, strong mentally. He was the kind who would work all day and then meet with his associates in the evening to consult and advise with them. There was scarcely a time when a man in the New York delegation was taken ill that it was not Uncle Tom who first visited him in the hospital. So we from New York have suffered a distinct loss in the death of Mr. CULLEN, a loss that goes deeply to the hearts of each and every one of us; the State and the country have lost in the death of Representative CULLEN a real statesman, and a loyal American.

Mr. HEFFERNAN. Mr. Speaker, the death of my beloved friend and colleague, TOM CULLEN, is a great shock to all who appreciate a true servant of the people. Not only has Congress lost a distinguished Member but the Borough of Brooklyn has suffered the loss of one of the most able members of the Democratic organization.

Congressman CULLEN and I were both Democratic district leaders in Brooklyn, and this fact, combined with our service in the House of Representatives, made us very close.

TOM was a member of the New York State Senate for many years before he came to Congress. Since he was a young man, he conscientiously devoted himself to the highest principles of public service. He is sadly missed and will be long remembered.

Mr. REED of New York. Mr. Speaker, it was not until late this morning that I learned of the death of my dear friend, Hon. THOMAS H. CULLEN. I was deeply grieved. I have viewed with amazement the courage of the man during the last few weeks. It so happens that he served on the conference committee on the tax bill. It was one of the most moving things I have ever seen; one of the greatest examples of fidelity to duty that I have ever witnessed. There were items in that tax bill that deeply concerned the welfare of his constituents. That conference lasted for some time, and it was a strenuous one. Day by day I watched with trepidation my good friend Hon. THOMAS CULLEN, with the aid of one of the employees, work his way to his chair at the conference table. He watched every item in that tax bill with a degree of alertness that was simply astounding. I sometimes wonder if people back in the districts realize how earnest and devoted some men are to their public duty. I have never seen a man more devoted than THOMAS CULLEN in the discharge of his duties. He was a grand and glorious character, one of the kindliest of men. We came to Congress at the same time. Each of us has served almost 26 years in Congress, and I want to say to those Members who were not acquainted with him in those days, they never saw the real THOMAS CULLEN. He was a man of many moods, but always kind; one of the most vigorous fighters. When he was called upon to preside in Committee, he was a man of extraordinary dignity and great ability in the discharge of that function. There are so many things that I would like

to say about my dear friend, because I love the men with whom I serve, regardless of their politics. I do not know but what it can be said properly in the words of Phillips Brooks, which I think would apply to TOM CULLEN:

> Bad will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is leading; with the thoughts that he is thinking; with the deeds that he is doing; if there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows he was meant and made to do.

I believe that there was forever beating at the doors of TOM CULLEN'S soul a desire to do something larger which he knew he was meant and made to do. In conclusion, as a tribute to my friend, I would read this poem of appreciation:

IN APPRECIATION

Rose and gold on the hills
To greet the blue of the sky—
And we know that a sunset rolls
To the land of mystery.

But what is the light on the hills,
That is cast by the setting sun,
To the glory that floods and thrills
When a beautiful life is done?

Morning and noon well spent
In the battle for truth and right;
For him no eve of content,
But toil till the closing night.

Thanks to the God of Life
For the prophet fire that glowed
Through years of labor and strife
To brighten the common road;

For the kindling thoughts that soared
From a spirit sane and strong,
Waking the living word
'Gainst empires of sham and wrong.

Only a part is said
Of the reverent love we bear;
But we'll cherish the flame you fed
And kindle our torches there.

—*Ernest J. Bowden.*

Mr. COOPER. Mr. Speaker, it is with very deep emotion and a feeling of genuine sorrow that I raise my voice in brief, but sincere tribute to the life and character and public service of my warm friend and distinguished colleague, Hon. THOMAS H. CULLEN, of New York. It was his good fortune to live a long and useful life in the service of his God, his country, and his fellow man. Certainly no higher service could come to any man. He was a man who possessed the very highest character; a man of unimpeachable integrity; a man who possessed those attributes that endeared him to all who had the privilege of knowing him and coming in contact with him. I trust that I may make brief reference to a personal experience I had with him. Very early in my service here I had the opportunity of rendering him a favor. He paid me back a thousandfold. He seconded my nomination in the Democratic caucus when I was elected a member of the Committee on Ways and Means. Our association throughout the years has been most cordial and friendly. For years we worked shoulder to shoulder and sat side by side in endeavoring to discharge the duties resting upon those of us who had been privileged to serve on that important committee. He was a man devoted to public service, a man of outstanding ability. He was a Democrat in the broad application of that term. His heart beat in tune with the welfare, and every fiber of his being was dedicated to the best interests of the masses of the people. He was a man of devoted patriotism to this great country of ours and of demonstrated devotion to the people whom he was privileged to serve. His wise counsel, his kind and gentle spirit will be missed by those of us who endeavor to carry on during these important days in the history of this great Nation of ours. I feel that we express our true sentiment and feelings when we extend our deepest sympathy to his dear wife and loved ones. Mr. Speaker, we shall always cherish his memory and endeavor to emulate his high character and his noble life.

Mr. MARCANTONIO. Mr. Speaker, when I first came to Congress in January 1935, I was advised by my friends in New York to seek the counsel and friendship of TOM CULLEN. The very first day I got here I went to see him. He befriended me and since then he has been one of my sincerest friends in the House. His counsel, his good advice, and his personal warmth I shall miss for many, many years.

Mr. RAYBURN. Mr. Speaker, I am more than moved by the incident that brought about the occasion for these remarks today. I knew TOM CULLEN as I have known few men. He was one of the truest and one of the best men that God ever put the breath of life into. Knowing him as I did, I know that when he was called to meet his Maker face to face, Tom was ready.

Today, out there somewhere, where good, fine, and great spirits dwell, when his approached, it was received as an equal with the greatest of them.

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken. The spirit of another friend has taken its flight; TOM CULLEN is no more.

His familiar figure, his gentle voice, his smiling face, and his friendly greeting will not be here to cheer us onward in the great struggles in which we now find ourselves engaged.

But the lingering memories of his manly example, the sacred recollections of his encouraging words, the ever-recurring reflections on his deep sincerity, his unfeigned friendship, and his patriotic devotion to the cause of his country will remain as lasting inspirations to us, his sorrowing comrades, who still linger "along this bank and shoal of time."

It seems but yesterday that I first entered this House and was introduced to our distinguished, and now departed, colleague from New York. From that day to this my esteem and admiration for him has grown steadily, and especially as I have seen him in the throes of those ordeals that "try the souls of men."

Some new Member will take the seat he occupied in this House, but no one can fill his place. He has so indelibly written his name on the hearts of his fellow Members that time and trial cannot erase it.

TOM CULLEN was a Christian gentleman. He lived a Christian, he died a Christian, he has gone to a Christian's reward.

Mr. LUTHER A. JOHNSON. Mr. Speaker, the death last night of THOMAS H. CULLEN, of Brooklyn, removed one of the landmarks of Congress. He became a Member on March 4, 1919, and, had he lived 3 days longer, would have completed 25 years of continuous service as a Member of this House.

During his entire service, he has been one of the outstanding Members of the House, and for many years was the leader of the Democratic delegation from New York.

He was a man of fine ability, of noble character, and devoted to duty. He was benevolent and kind and considerate of others and won the friendship of the entire membership of the House. During my service here, I had grown to know him and have an affectionate regard for him.

For the past few years he had been in failing health, but his devotion to duty was such that he continued faithful in his attendance on the sessions of the House, almost to the end.

His district, the State of New York, and the Nation have lost an able and faithful public servant, and I shall always revere his memory and prize very highly the privilege of having known him and served with him in this body.

Mr. CAPOZZOLI. Mr. Speaker, it was with a great feeling of sorrow that I learned of the passing of our distinguished colleague, TOM CULLEN.

Truly there is little one can say on an occasion of this kind. All we know is that never again shall we enjoy the presence of this kindly, friendly personality.

Although he was dean of the New York delegation, he never permitted his great and long experience in the Congress

from interfering with his desire to mix with the newest comer in the House in order to render every assistance.

I recall with great pleasure his acts of kindness to me when I first came to the Congress. All of us have had the experience of the newcomer. There is much to learn and how grateful we feel toward the experienced Member who takes us in tow and tries to help us in learning the preliminaries.

Indeed, we shall miss him greatly here, but I doubt that we shall miss him more than the people of his own district. They had learned to reply on him so much in the many years of his service that it will be difficult to adjust themselves to his absence. He was adviser and counselor to all of them.

To the family of our departed colleague I extend my deepest sympathy.

May the Great Judge of us all grant eternal rest to the soul of our late friend.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may have 3 legislative days in which to extend their remarks in the Record on the life and character of the late THOMAS H. CULLEN.

The SPEAKER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

There was no objection.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, I present a resolution (H. Res. 45), and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. THOMAS H. CULLEN, a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of 31 Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as he may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the following committee: Mr. Bloom, Mr. Somers of New York, Mr. Doughton, Mr. Reed of New York, Mr. Fish, Mr. Celler, Mr. Dickstein, Mr. Taber, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Delaney, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Barry, Mr. Buckley, Mr. Merritt, Mr. O'Leary, Mr. Pfeifer, Mr. Byrne, Mr. Keogh, Mr. Leonard W. Hall, Mr. O'Toole, Mr. Lynch, Mr. Baldwin of New York, Mr. Capozzoli, Mr. Heffernan, Mr. Klein, Mr. Fay, Mr. Marcantonio, Mr. Burchill of New York, and Miss Stanley.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the remainder of the resolution.

The clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 2 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, March 2, 1944, at 12 o'clock noon.

FRIDAY, *March 3, 1944.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 264):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. THOMAS H. CULLEN, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

FRIDAY, *March 3, 1944.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Maurer, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. THOMAS H. CULLEN, late a Representative from the State of New York, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDING OFFICER laid before the Senate the following resolution (H. Res. 456) from the House of Representatives, which was read:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

March 1, 1944.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. THOMAS H. CULLEN, a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of 31 Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. HATCH. Mr. President, the Senator from New York [Mr. Wagner] is unavoidably detained from the Senate, and is attending an important conference. In his behalf I send to the desk a resolution, which I ask to have read, and for which I ask present consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 264) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. THOMAS H. CULLEN, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Under the second resolving clause the Presiding Officer appointed Mr. Wagner and Mr. Mead as the committee on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Mr. HATCH. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, in behalf of the Senator from New York [Mr. Wagner] I move that the Senate take a recess until 12 o'clock noon on Tuesday next.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 3 o'clock and 44 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until Tuesday March 7, 1944, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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